RAILWAY TIME TABLES

DEL., LACK. & WESTERN RAILROAD.
Newark and Bloomfield Branch.
TO NEW YORK.

[illegible]

The Town Surveyorship.

A number of applications have been received by the Road Committee for the position of Township Surveyor.

The deferring of this appointment at the last meeting has led to the impression that a change was contemplated. This is undoubtedly a mistake. The Committee had several reasons for laying the matter over. One was the fact that there was no immediate [illegible] the appointment [illegible] other was to [illegible] the new Commissioners [illegible] sation with Mr. Reimer [illegible] regard to the matter [illegible] the Committee [illegible] was said that [illegible] on Mr. Reimer's [illegible] surveyor. The [illegible] was as to whether [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Reimer [illegible] certain extent [illegible] this [illegible] there are generally two sides to every story and it would be well for the Committee to hear Mr. Reimer's side before passing judgment. [illegible] Mr. Reimer has also been severely criticised for the Myrtle street job. The [illegible] of the blame seems to have fallen on his shoulders.

[illegible] to shift the burden of responsibility and every town contains [illegible] at that business.

Mr. Reimer [illegible] used as a scapegoat for other misdemeanors. Myrtle street was never finished. Very few have any knowledge of what was the intention of the Committee to do there, and it is a question worthy of serious consideration whether it would not be better in the long run to carry out the ideas of Mr. Reimer with respect to the work to be done, rather than turn about and undo it. Semi-professional opinions in matter of law, engineering and finance have been the burden of this town of late. Without desiring to show any partiality toward Mr. Reimer, it may be truthfully said that his opinion as to what is needed to be done at Myrtle street is worth more than that of all the property owners put together. He is an expert in the matter, and no doubt has considered the future interests of the property owners with more wisdom than they themselves are capable of doing, they being chiefly interested in the present. It is a critical time to experiment with surveyors. A change would be a great loss for the Committee to undertake. Talent and experience is needed in this work. Mr. Reimer it is well known possesses both. Perhaps under the new administration more favorable opportunity will be afforded for displaying them.

A Step in the Right Direction

[illegible]

One of the most serious difficulties which has heretofore confronted American manufacturers and merchants in their efforts to secure a share of the trade of Spanish America has been the fact that the people of the southern half of the continent really did not know what we had to sell. The American drummer is practically an unknown quantity south of the City of Mexico, whilst on the other hand, all the centres of trade in Mexico, Central and South America literally swarm with commercial travelers sent out by German, English and French business houses. Every trader in Spanish America knows what he can buy from an English, German or French concern, and if he has any idea at all of the magnificent products of the factories and mills of this country it is a very hazy and indefinite one. To remedy this state of things is one of the most important and essential needs of our growing commerce in the countries south of us.

A step in the right direction and one that will without doubt lead to a commendable increase in our commercial dealings with Spanish America, has just been taken by the American Export and Trading Company, at No. 5 Bowling Green, New York. The managers of this company have decided to establish in the City of Mexico and Buenos Ayres branch agencies with large and well conducted public warehouses attached, where American goods can be seen and sold by sample. The agencies will be under the charge of men thoroughly conversant with the needs of the Spanish American trade and people and this exhibition of the produce and manufactured goods of this country will be among the most important incentives to closer commercial and trade relations.

Other branches of the Export and Trading Company will soon be established at all the important centres of trade in Mexico, Central and South America, so that manufacturers and merchants who have hitherto been obliged to refrain from all attempts at seeking a market for their goods in the southern portion of the continent will thus have an opportunity to make known to the people there the goods and merchandise which they desire to place upon those markets.

In connection this new undertaking, and an important addition to it the Company propose to send out through these countries a number of energetic, intelligent and pushing commercial travellers, who will seek trade and a market for the goods which may be consigned to the warehouses of the various agencies of the Company in Spanish America. They will be men thoroughly conversant with the needs of those nations, acquainted with the language and customs of the people and in commercial sympathy with them.

The whole project is a magnificent one and will commend itself not only to the merchants and manufacturers of this country, but to the traders and merchants of Spanish America, to whom it will be almost as great a benefit as to the commercial interests of the United States.

Bachelors' Night Robes.

One of the most effective is of white silk, with tiny mauve dots on it. It reaches to the ground and is beautifully hemstitched. The collar is a broad one cut in sailor fashion and thrown back far enough to expose the neck very well. The sleeves are full and have deep cuffs, and on the left side is a pocket in which is stuck a white silk handkerchief with a monogram in mauve [illegible]. The cuffs are of mauve silk edged with white [illegible] of the [illegible] knotted [illegible] fashion. The [illegible] perfumed [illegible] that [illegible] the cleaner's [illegible] A more [illegible] tone [illegible] is of pale rose silk with [illegible] cuffs edged with lace [illegible] the Court of Louis Quatorze [illegible] The height of foolishness [illegible] was [illegible] a something I should [illegible] who mourned [illegible] for an uncle [illegible] a pile of money. His sleeping robes were of white silk, with cuffs, collar and pocket of black crepe [illegible] bordered handkerchief [illegible] New York Letter to Philadelphia Times.

Authors and Poor Writing.

I wonder if authors [illegible] advantage it is to [illegible] manuscript [illegible] by the typewriter [illegible] I had a manuscript [illegible] table for a month [illegible] putting off its reading [illegible] the poor writing. If authors had any conception [illegible] manuscript [illegible] how [illegible] the editorial [illegible]

Take this manuscript, for example; the author's name is a guarantee that there is something good in it. Yet look at that chirography. I hated taking it up. It is [illegible] her [illegible] in her [illegible] her manuscripts [illegible] returned by editors [illegible] that they [illegible] Now that woman is inflicting injury upon herself. I tell you there is nothing which makes me more prejudiced against a manuscript than [illegible] New York [illegible] Advertiser.

Delicacy of Pianos.

The other day I saw a piano that had been returned from a city nearly 800 miles away [illegible] rattled [illegible] had spent [illegible] to find the cause of the [illegible] traced it to a defect in the [illegible] board [illegible] it. Now there was nothing wrong about the sounding board and the piano was in good condition, but had been hurriedly shipped [illegible] the swing desk [illegible] the [illegible]

Now it is just this kind of [illegible] oversight that causes more than 50 per cent. of the trouble known as rattling. I remember about two months ago in a place in Baltimore an upright piano had to be taken back and taken apart and a day spent on it [illegible] disturbance, which was [illegible] nothing more than a small piece of shaving about a quarter of an inch [illegible] under the [illegible] Musical Courier.

Unlucky Thirteen.

From the fact of Christ's betrayal by Judas [illegible] is supposed to have been the origin of the unlucky thirteenth [illegible] This superstition [illegible] is so strong [illegible] particularly that in Paris [illegible] years ago and may [illegible] professional diners [illegible] Quatorziemes, whose [illegible] prepared [illegible] summons to [illegible] guests, [illegible] the [illegible] of the unlucky number [illegible] to the [illegible] it may be [illegible] has never [illegible] except where the [illegible] occurred accidentally. The absurdity, therefore, of the formation of special [illegible] to meet on the [illegible] of 13 tables or [illegible] becomes at once [illegible] to not fill the bill.—New York Herald.

Flowers in Cairo.

The famous [illegible] bouquet makers of Paris begin their training in the florists' shops by the arrangement of bridal bouquets, and after that they learn the mingling of colors. Paris claims to be the home of flowers. They grow in the gardens of its surrounding countryside—the orchids at Chatillon, the roses at Montreuil, Fontenay, hyacinths at Boulogne [illegible] at Neuilly. The mimosa, the tea rose and some of the commoner flowers come from the south in quantities. The costlier flowers are reared in Paris and its environs, and as a rule, are [illegible] and worn there. The Parisienne must have flowers in her box at the theatre, in her drawing room, on the muff, in her hair, in the bodice of her dress and in her attic window.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Remedy for Burns.

The celebrated German remedy for burns consists of 15 ounces of the best white glue broken into small pieces in 2 pints of water and allowed to become soft. Then dissolve it by means of a water bath and add 2 ounces of glycerine and 6 drachms of carbolic acid; continue the heat until thoroughly dissolved. On cooling this hardens to an elastic mass covered with a shining, parchment-like skin, and may be kept for any length of time. When required for use it is placed for a few minutes in a water bath until sufficiently liquid and applied by means of a broad brush. It forms in about two minutes a shining, smooth, flexible and nearly transparent skin.—New Orleans Picayune.

TEUSH,

PHOTOGRAPHER.

695 Broad Street,

NEWARK, N. J.

Hardening the Brain.

While we were waiting at the depot in a small town in Arkansas, a colored woman came up and asked if any one of the six white men was a doctor. One of them proved to be, and she rolled her check apron in her hands in a fussy way and asked if he wouldn't "jist step ober to de cabin an' see what ailed her ole man." He found that he had time, and said he would go, and two or three of us went along to see what we could see. As we drew near the cabin the woman halted us and said:

"I'ze bin all de doctah he's had, an' I'ze willin' to allow dat I might her made some mistakes. When he was fust tooken I gin him turnip seed tea. Was dat right, doctah?"

"I guess so."

"Later on I changed to a poultice of wild onions. Was dat right?"

"It might have been."

"Den I soaked his feet in hot water wid wood ashes in it, an' put a mustard poultice on de back of his neck."

"Yes."

"Den he allowed he felt wuss, an' so I changed de mustard to his stomach an' soaked his head. He dun complained all the mawnin', an' now Ize got mustard on his feet, a poultice on de middle, horse radish on his neck, an' he's takin' sassafras tea to warm up de inside."

"Well?"

"Wall, if dere's been any mistake, doan let on to de ole man. Just skip it ober."

We went in and the doctor examined the patient and found he had a broken rib, and told him what to do for it. As we left the cabin the woman followed us out and exclaimed:

"Fo' de Lawd, doctah, but what bless in' dat you dun come along! I was dun doctorin' de ole man fur softenin' of de brain, an' if I hadn't cotched you today I was dun gwine to try to harden 'em up by sarvin' sand wid his porridge!"—New York Sun.

Missionary Trials in India.

Among the hardest things to get used to in India are the scorpions. They infest everything, and one gets as used to turning out one's shoes in the morning as to waking up. In calling on one of my colaborers shortly after my arrival in India, I spoke of the scorpion nuisance, and he casually remarked, "Well, yes, I suppose you think so; but you will get used to them. I killed thirty this morning, and thought it a poor morning for scorpions, too."

Snakes are pretty bad, too, and it's not so easy to get used to them. Cobras have a lingering tenderness for one's bathroom. The reason is natural. Few things are cool in India, and the bathroom is about the coolest place in the house. I very nearly stepped on one coiled up in my bathroom one morning. It darted into a hole near by and part of its tail stuck out. I offered one of the natives about the house four annas to pull it. He took the money and not only pulled the snake out and killed it, but, as I afterward learned, took it home with him and made a curry of it.

The scorpions were annoyances in church, and yells from the congregation on being bitten by them were not infrequent interruptions.

Tigers used to come down from the mountains back of my bungalow, or house, to within a stone's throw.—Cor. New York Times.

Robbing Peter to Pay Paul.

This expression arose thus: On the 17th of December, 1540, the abbey church of St. Peter, Westminster, was advanced to the dignity of a cathedral by letters patent; but ten years later it was joined to the diocese of London again, and many of its estates appropriated to the repairs of St. Paul's cathedral. One hundred years later, in 1640, we find in "Outlandish Proverbs," selected by Mr. George Herbert, priest and poet of classic renown, the subject of one of Walton's Lives, the proverb altered and set forth as follows: "Give not St. Peter so much, to leave St. Paul nothing." This proverb is quoted by Francis Rabelais early in the Sixteenth century. Upon the death of William Pitt, earl of Chatham, in 1778, each of the metropolitan cemeteries laid claim to the honor of burial. The city of London argued that so great a statesman as William Pitt should be buried in St. Paul's, while parliament took the ground that the dust of so great a man as he should come near to the dust of kings, and that not to bury him in Westminster abbey would again be "robbing St. Peter to pay St. Paul."—Detroit News.

Bird Language.

"To my mind, all birds have a language, and that language is as intelligible to themselves as ours is to us," said the proprietor of a bird store. "I have a pair of canaries and I often listen to their conversation. In the morning one of them gives a 'tweet.' 'Are you awake?' he says to the other. The other gives a 'tweet.' 'Yes; I'm a little sleepy, though,' and closes his eyes again. 'But it's morning.' 'I don't care,' says the lazy mate, tucking his head under his wing once more. 'It's time to wake up.' This time there is no reply.

"Then the other proceeds to indulge in a morning serenade. He carols up and down the scale. Then the second bird pokes out her head and shakes her feathers. 'It's really impossible to sleep under the circumstances,' she says. 'I hope you don't feel cross,' he says. 'Oh, no, only'— And then they patch it all up and indulge in a charming duet."—Detroit Tribune.

Cost of Japanese Gods.

Out here there are little gods, big gods, good gods and bad gods. They can be had from fifty cents to $10,000 each. They are made from every material known to man, from clay to crystal and gold. Of course, the wood buddhas, as they are called, are the oldest and most unique. Good old buddhas can be had from $15 to $35 Mexican. These are prices here. It is always the best way to figure that an article costing, say, $20 Mexican here will cost the purchaser $20 gold landed in the United States.—Yokohama Letter.

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HUMOR

BROKEN RIBS WERE EXTRA.

An Incident of Life in a Canadian Lumber Camp.

When a man gets sick or meets with an accident in a Canadian lumber camp he neither expects nor receives anything like good nursing. If he is patient, the men will do what they can; but if he shows a disposition to whine, he is not considered worth any extra trouble. At Camp B two or three winters ago a man named Peters was hurt by a falling tree—badly hurt. The camp was forty miles from a town or doctor, the snow three feet deep, and all they could do was to rub the man with whisky and put him in his bunk. While no bones were broken, it seemed certain that he was internally injured and that he could not live beyond a day or two. Business was driving, and there were no men to spare, and after Peters had been rubbed down the boss said:

"Now, Peters, you understand how it is; you'll probably die."

"Yes."

"Probably die within twenty-four hours."

"Yes."

"And so, you see, anything extra will be a dead loss to me."

"I see, but in case I die you'll have manners enough to knock the men off for half a day, won't you? I also want a good square grave."

"But, Peters, we are rushed, and to do that will cost me $50 worth of time."

"How much will you give me not to die?"

"I'll say $25—that is, if you'll forego a funeral if you do die."

"That looks fair," said Peters, after a little thought, "and I'll do it. Shake."

They shook; and Peters set his teeth hard and determined to live. His only medicines were kerosene oil, whisky and vinegar, and his only delicacies fat pork and bean soup; but in three weeks he was out and at work.

"Couldn't you make it $30?" asked the boss as he came to settle.

"For why?"

"Because if you had died I should have had to wrap the body in a $3 blanket, and the boys would have insisted on a drink all around after the job."

"Couldn't possibly think of it," replied Peters. "After I made the bargain with you I found three broken ribs, and I had to splice and grow 'em extra."—New York Sun.

We Pause for a Reply.

How can they grow a pillow slip
In the midst of a feather bed,
And how can a horse-fly over a ship
On an ink stand on its head?
How can a wheel-barrow anything
And when does the butter-fly?
Will the garden-rake itself next spring?
We pause for a reply.

Does the apple-sauce the canvas-back,
Or the currant-jell out loud?
Does the raspberry-jam the hasty snack
While the peach-preserves the crowd?
And what will the homeless oyster-stew
When the seas have all gone dry?
These things concern both me (and) nu—
We pause for a reply.
—Chicago Herald.

One of 'Em.

"Young man," said the boarding mistress, sternly, "your comments are out of place. I made biscuit, sir, fifty years ago."

"Very likely," was the sinner's reply, adding in an agitated undertone to his side partner, "and if circumstantial evidence goes for anything, this specimen I'm whetting my teeth on is one of 'em."—Philadelphia Times.

Perfectly Satisfied.

Patron—I notice you ain't afraid to adulterate the goods you send over to the Prim family. Don't they complain sometimes?

Chalkem—You forget, sir, the motto they have in that household: "To the pure, all things are pure."—American Grocer.

Why He Wept.

Stranger—Why are you crying, little one?

Johnny—Because I—eh—boo—hoo—hav—have lost papa—eh—eh—and if he goes home without me mamma will lick him. Wow!—Exchange.

The Usual Way.

Billiam—So Philiam has been away on a shooting trip, has he?

William—Yes.

Billiam—Shoot anything?

William—Yes; a companion.—Yankee Blade.

No Solicitude Like a Mother's.

Mother (to son dividing goodies with a playmate)—Tommy, you should give your company the larger share; besides, so much candy makes you sick.—New York Sun.

He Was Snow Blind.

Winks—Aren't you glad to see the snow?

Blinks—Yes; but, hang it, I can't see anything else!—Lowell Citizen.

A Proof of Her Love.

He—Do you really love me, darling?

She—Yes, really. To prove it I'll name my dog after you.—Yankee Blade.

An Experiment.

"Say, mister, won't you just grab my hat and run with it, so's I can sic Tiger onto you? I want to see if he's afraid to tackle a real man. You needn't be scared. I've got him muzzled."—Racket.

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life.

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped her more, bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, Druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottle of this wonderful Discovery free at Geo. M. Wood's Drugstore.

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An Incident at Trinity.

A curious incident occurred a few Sundays ago at old Trinity. The actors were two very well known and wealthy society ladies. It was at a morning service, and the church was crowded. During the early part of the service—the psalter and responses—they had maintained an attitude of rapt devotion, with profoundly solemn faces and bowed heads. The Te Deum was arranged to a long and unusually elaborate musical accompaniment, and these ladies had remained seated. The lines, "Let us never be confounded," were sung with a flourish and an operatic staccato which came to a sudden and pronounced close. The silence was heightened by the loud burst of harmony which had preceded; there was no gradual dying away, but a quick, petrifying stop. And in the solemn hush came the sound of a small, shrill, but painfully clear voice, and the words:

"But, my dear, we fry ours in butter."

Dr. Dix raised his hand in a quick gesture of horror, an acolyte laughed aloud, the faces of the congregation variously expressed amusement, chagrin and anger, and amidst the commotion which ensued the very charming Mrs. —— was borne, faint and sick, from the church.—New York Star.

The Butterfly.

She—Oh, see what a beautiful butterfly!

He—Yes. I will soon—

—have him.
—Fliegende Blaetter.

Got It Down to a Fine Point.

Jones (to new office boy)—Bob, take this letter around to Mr. Smith. If he isn't in, leave it in his office, where it will attract his attention as soon as he comes back. It is very important.

Jones (fifteen minutes later)—Bob, did you deliver that letter to Mr. Smith?

Bob—Naw, he wasn't in an' nobody else was in der office.

Jones—Well, what did you do with it?

Bob—You tol' me to put it where he'd notice it first thing he comes in, an' I stuck a pin trough it an' laid it on his chair, so's to attract his attention.—Racket.

Human Nature.

Angelina—Whatever made you tell Uncle Harpagon you're making £5,000 a year, when with all your hard work and all my economy we can scarcely make both ends meet?

Edwin—My love, he's worth half a million, and if he thinks we don't want it he'll very likely leave it all to us.—New York Telegram.

Wouldn't Be a Thirteenth.

Tramp—Could ye give me a square meal?

Generous Citizen—Certainly, poor man. Come right in. There are twelve of us now at the table, and one vacant plate. This is Thanksgiving, and——

Tramp—No, much obliged to yer. I'm starvin', but I ain't no fool.—National Weekly.

The Advice Was Good.

Butt—I took your advice and hit that fellow the first time he tried to impose on me.

Merritt—That was right.

Butt—But he nearly murdered me.

Merritt—Pshaw! You didn't hit him hard enough.—Drake's Magazine.

Superabundance of Moisture.

"What in nature contains more moisture than a woman with Saratoga waves and a waterfall on her head, springs in her skirts, a crick in her back and a cataract in her eye?"

"A woman with a notion in her head, of course."—Chicago Lyre.

A Free Show.

Tommy—What do you charge to go to your show, Mr. Kaller?

Kaller—My show? I don't understand you.

Tommy—Why, the show you made of yourself. That's what sister Fanny said.—Yankee Blade.

Fame's Pinnacle.

Bob—My dad's a squire, and gets his name in the paper every day.

Tom (contemptuously)—That's nuthin'. My dad took Jinks' liver pills, and got his picter in the papers.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Slight Difference.

The Rev. Dr. Primrose—So you lost your leg saving the life of a fellow being? You are a hero.

Vagrant—No, sir, I was a chump.—Pittsburg Town Talk.

No Goods Damaged.

Shoe Factory Foreman (in thunder tones)—What's the matter there? Did you slit that leather wrong?

Operative (humbly)—N-o, I only cut off my fingers.—New York Weekly.

And Ill, Too.

An observant friend remarks that L is the most successful letter—it always ends well.—Munsey's Weekly.

Not a Paragon.

A pair of slender, tapering hands,
A dainty movement, full of grace,
Nor am I jealous, for none scans
But I that winsome face.

And yet I fear that though my fair's
In all these virtues classed,
She's full of trifles, and I swear,
This watch of mine is fast.
—Jeweler's Review.

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